GOD HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH THIS

By Alba Pratalia

Directed by
ROBERT B. WEIDE

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SCENE: A cheap motel room. Wallpaper peeling, a flickering neon light outside casting intermittent pink flashes across the bed. The air smells of sweat, regret, and expired vanilla air freshener.

HER *(slamming her fist against the wall, breath ragged)*: "God!"

HIM *(pressing against her, voice deep, steady, merciless)*: "Shut up and take it."

HER *(gritting teeth, nails digging into the wallpaper as she punches the wall again, harder this time)*: "Oh God!"

HIM *(gripping her shoulders, whispering in her ear)*: "Take it. It's only pain."

HER *(laughing breathlessly, whispering to herself, eyes wild)*: "I know, I know…" *(another punch, knuckles cracking on impact, plaster dust falling like holy ash)*

HER *(muttering between gasps, forehead pressing against the cold, unforgiving wall)*: "Only pain, girl. It's only pain. You can take it."

HIM *(watching, amused, impressed, or maybe just enjoying the show)*: "That's right."

HER *(panting, almost delirious now, voice breaking into a rhythm like a prayer, a mantra, a spell cast in agony and ecstasy alike)*: "It's only pain, it's only pain, it's only pain… oh my god… oh my god… oh my god…" *(her fists keep slamming, like an offering, like a sacrifice, like the desperate drumbeat of existence itself—until—)*

HER *(pausing, breath hitching, realization dawning, laughter creeping in at the edges of her voice, manic and sharp)*: "And the funny thing is—" *(laughs harder, voice unhinged, alive,* ***possessed*** *in the most secular sense possible)* "—the funny thing is that *God has nothing to do with this*."

A pregnant silence. The air in the room shifts, like something unseen, uninvited, and frankly uninterested has just been summoned.

GOD *(disembodied, vaguely annoyed, sipping a celestial cocktail made from forgotten prayers and the tears of televangelists)*:
"I'm not even here."

HIM *(teeth gritted, muscles taut, voice hoarse with impending revelation)*: "You won't suffer long, I'm close."

HER *(head thrown back, voice cracking with feverish delirium)*: "Abba, everything is possible for you! Take this cup from me!"

HIM *(grinning, wicked, divine in his cruelty)*: "Here."

AND THEN—

He **pushes** like no man has ever pushed before. Not in conquest, not in war, not in the depths of human folly. His **thrusts** defy physics, morality, and the Geneva Convention. The **earth shakes**. Somewhere, a monk drops his rosary. A televangelist faints.

He reaches **depths** never reached—geographical, theological, metaphysical. Angels weep. Demons take notes.

HER *(screams, but not just any scream—a primordial, unholy **seagull screech** that echoes through time and space, bouncing off the walls of eternity itself)*:
"ELOI, ELOI, LEMA SABACHTHANI?!"

HIM *(trembles, quakes, convulses like an **ancient deity descending upon the world** in unspeakable ecstasy—he ROARS, not like a man, but like a BEAR emerging from a decade-long hibernation, ravenous, **unstoppable**.)*

AND THEN—

A **FLOOD**. A great, warm, holy deluge.
Liquid salvation. A baptism of **unspeakable proportions**.

It **puts out her wildfires**—literally, metaphorically, eschatologically.

HER *(collapsed, trembling, whispering, fervent, grateful, delirious, drenched in **divine afterglow**)*:
"Oh thank God… yes, thank you God, thank you…" (pauses, breath hitching, divine inspiration

striking one last time)
"ALLAHU AKBAR."

SCENE: Post-coital wreckage. Sheets destroyed, bodies limp, reality itself slightly warped. The cosmos holds its breath.

ALLAH *(sipping a celestial espresso, mildly perplexed)*: "Was she talking to you or to me?"

GOD *(leaning back in a divine armchair, flipping through a copy of Existence Quarterly)*: "I don't know. We're not even here."

CUT TO BLACK.

[Curb Your Enthusiasm theme starts playing.]

"DIRECTED BY ROBERT B. WEIDE."

In a dim motel room where the wallpaper peels like faith and the neon light outside flickers like dying hope, two bodies collide in an act as old as Genesis and twice as blasphemous. She prays. He conquers. The ceiling watches. The divine remains notably absent.

This unflinching, hallucinatory play eviscerates the boundaries between agony and ecstasy, worship and war, divinity and drywall. In language both visceral and poetic, profane and profound, God Has Nothing to Do with This explores the sacred absurdity of human desire—and the silence of the heavens in the face of it.

Equal parts Beckett, Bukowski, and bedroom apocalypse, this is theatre for the end times. Or at least for a Sunday morning with very poor decisions and no clean towels.

"Savage, lyrical, unrepentantly funny."
The New Inquiry

"God won't read it. You probably should."
The Times Literary Supplement

"A motel-room Passion Play, directed by Satan, lit by Kubrick."
The Paris Review

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